



Paid by the Press Publishing Company.

FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 27.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING WORLD.
(Including Postage.)

PER MONTH.....\$3.50

VOL. 30.....NO. 10,265

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

BY WAY OF A BEGINNING.

Valuable time is passing, and no decisive steps are being taken to crystallize the sentiment which is absolutely indispensable in securing for New York City the World's Fair in 1892. Before Congress recognizes and endorses New York City it will be necessary for New York City to demonstrate that it is in earnest. Through the unaccountable procrastination of a Committee appointed to devise a financial plan no Guarantee Fund has been provided and no real steps have been taken to convince the country that New York is determined in this matter. A fund is absolutely necessary. The public has shown a willingness to contribute, but the lack of an authoritative plan has deterred action.

To give an impetus to the now flagging enterprise and to inaugurate a preliminary movement towards securing the World's Fair for New York, the editor and proprietor of *The World*, Joseph Pulitzer, will be one of twenty-five persons to subscribe \$10,000 each for an immediate Guarantee Fund of \$2,500,000. This sum will supply imperative needs and will convey to the country an assurance that New York City is in earnest.

Some action of this kind is rendered necessary by the unaccountable delay in formulating a fiscal scheme. Let the earnest friends of New York be heard from at once. Not another moment should be wasted.

HIGH PRICED FUN.

The White Star steamship people, disheartened by the failure of the Teutonic to outstrip the Indian champion City of Paris, have ordered their boat to the dry-docks at Liverpool to be fitted with new propellers and be put in better racing trim. The mint stands still and the lean pocket-book of the poor man tingles at the wild way in which money is spent by the owners of these giant racers, all for the honor of an hour.

Yachting has been held an expensive sport, but this keeping up of ocean steamships for racing boats must require a diminutive Golconda or Ophir, or something of the sort.

Well, spend your money, you plutocratic companies. Some honest workmen are getting the good of it.

"IT'S DIFFERENT IN ENGLAND."

There are slugs in America who fancied themselves too good to slug Peter Jackson, just because his skin was black. What do they think of him now, hollering with sporting nobility and matched to fight the champion of England, with a real live lord for stakeholder? Meantime the punchers who called him a "nigger" stay at home, get deathly drunk and disappoint audiences who are waiting to watch them sing their equals. "When you come to think of it, the darky gets the best of it."

And yet this America is the home of equality.

CHIPS.

Chicks out of fashion—Hens.

Emperor William is free from soul. When Mr. William Wadsworth, the new Minister, called on him yesterday, he detained him so long that Mr. Phelps missed his train.

Mr. Paddy Ryan, the old-time heavyweight champion, has been soundly beaten in San Francisco, won by a man whom he had insulted. Men of his kidney are not much on the outside of the ring.

Here's another from Chicago. The women have arisen in their might and say that they will out the gamblers. What will the Windy City do without its gambling houses?

A wheeling, W. Va., woman, dissatisfied with the Justice before whom she was arraigned, knocked him down and broke him. When the Justice recovered his wind he sentenced her to jail for a year.

In the Spring the incident took place. Justice was seated, and轮子 was standing behind him. Justice said to her: "Take off your hat, and sit down." Then she said: "Take off your daughter's head should fall."

Take the last lesson for the fall.

At a Virginia church meeting last night a young woman took the floor, furnished a piano and called upon the deacons to stand up and try conclusions there and then. The deys didn't accept the challenge.

A telegram of discontent comes from the United States Secret Service Department. It has had nothing to do for two months owing to the unprecedented dullness in the counterfeiting market.

Found for Pound—Moore—Did you save as much money as you thought you would by spending the Summer in the country? (better laugh)—Save money? Why, since we have got up sixty sets of pictures—Those

Mr. Woods, of Warsaw, is making a solitary crusade against the saloons where her husband drinks. So far she has smashed a number of plate-glass mirrors and damaged numerous windows.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

"All I want is Fred Gibb's head," said Alderman James A. Cowie, of the Thirteenth District. "They have offered me all the patronage—everything else—but they'll have to present me with Wicked Gibb's head yet."

"The Thirteenth District Republicans didn't go to Saratoga to get O'Brien's due," remarks Alderman Cowie. "They saved their money to make the campaign a little livelier."

Assemblyman John Connelly, of the Nineteenth District, has been succeeded in his office by his son-in-law, George Heights, and the West Side Taxpayers' Association, and his friends tell him that these boosts will eventually land him in the seat of Senator Eugene S. Isaacs.

Although credited with being a prohibitionist, the members of the Prohibition party repudiate the Republican candidate for Secretary of State. The Prohibitionists are consistent politicians, and would not support Neal Dow himself should he attempt to sail off into office anything other than cold water.

Everybody came home from the Saratoga Convention happy, although the happiness of each proceeded from different causes. Mr. T. C. Platt is happy because he has his own way, and Johnny O'Brien because he is not permitted to have his without being branded a traitor to his party.

FASHION'S FADS.

Worth, the famous dressmaker, said of Mrs. William Belknap: "She was a delight to dress on account of her splendid indifference grace. I will always remember her as the one American woman who demanded a high low-necked dress."

Miss Anna Goss of the Chinese in all household matters but cooking. Her rooms are full of screens, panels, draperies, porcelains and decorative art work from the Orient, and all the male servants about her establishment, the coachman excepted, are natives of the Flowering Kingdom.

Mrs. Jessie Grant has a valuable collection of antique candlesticks.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland has a penchant for coral jewels. Her taste in the matter has been the subject of much criticism.

Mrs. W. H. Hutchinson, of Fifth avenue, uses a scent on her pocket handkerchiefs for which she pays \$1.00 a drop.

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer spends a small fortune for Mauve Rose roses, bunches of which she wears down through her brown leather belt.

OFF THE STAGE.

Miss Nannette Comstock is the sister of Alexander Comstock, of the Academy of Music. Miss Comstock is very young. She studied in Diane Boucquet's school and appeared with his pupils at the Madison Square Theatre.

Denie Bandmann is always severely undressed. Mr. Bandmann speaks with a slight German accent. He is a very vigorous talker and is full of reminiscences and stories of interest to the dramatic profession.

Miss Sadie Martinot has become very foreign and is inclined to be distinctly ceremonious. But Miss Martinot is bright and charming that her smiles soon melt the crust of formality that she sometimes encloses herself.

Miss Pauline Hall on Broadway yesterday was dressed in excessive black. Black hat, black dress, black gloves. These sombre garbs, however, were extremely becoming, a fact of which Miss Hall was of course unaware.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

Pitcher Tyng, of the Staten Island Cricket Club, has taken the honors of the most famous catcher of the old league. He back-stopped the Harvard during the early seventies.

Malvino W. Ford, the champion all-round athlete, does not have the amount of time to practice one would naturally suppose from his prominence in the athletic world. He has charge of the athletic department of *Field and Fauna*, and attends strictly to business.

Fred Westing, is the only man who has ever won the 100-yard championship in England, Ireland, the United States and Canada.

Valentine G. Hall, the tennis-player, is the author of an exhaustive treatise upon the game, which has a large sale.

STOLEN RHYMES.

Love's Evanscence—Love comes again!—Than all these past This one is still sweater, brighter, And I know you cannot feel, And I know you cannot see.

What more amiable than you, What deeper more evanescent? What a sweet one you're dreamin' of, And the more you dream, the more she sometimes encloses herself.

Love dies, but always lives behind; Then his gay wings a golden feather; And the world is glad to gather.

New love, new life. While this shall last, Why not enjoy its sunny weather? And then in my affection cast, And like a morn have left me rather.

George Sandring's Judge.

THEIR FIRST SEASON.

I wonder how she says to you? You'd like to make a girl, Or you'd like to learn how, And would, if I could say no.

Say,

I wonder how will he propose? I must have one or two, I'd like to hit him in the eye, Can I say no?—I can't say no.

Is not you to notice the disease of teeth without this kiss? Monell's TEETHING C. RAIL. \$1.00

BABY FUND CONTRIBUTIONS.

Almond acknowledged.....\$6,516.06
Astus Mcversall.....\$1.10

Water Runs Down

100, and just as naturally life, energy and strength are gained by taking Hovey's Sarsaparilla. The peculiar toning, purifying and vitalizing qualities of this medicinal medicine are felt throughout the entire system, expelling disease and giving quick healthy action to every organ. If you suffer from any disease of the body, either in order or difficulty with the liver and kidneys, try the popular medicine, Hovey's Sarsaparilla. I have got it here.

TANNER, in his "confidential" letter to DAZZELL, said: "I couldn't kick."

No; if he could Private DAZZELL would by this time look like the remains of a fifty cent table d'hôte.

RAYS OF SUNSHINE.

Some More Brooklyn Candidates for "The Evening World's" Prize.

Albert Landau's Mother Confident That He Can Win One.

Little Isabel Sanderson Has a Wealth of Dark, Curly Tresses.

THE EVENING WORLD has received several inquiries from anxious mothers in the last two or three days asking if pictures of their darling's hair have been received. They may all rest easily, for all have arrived safely and are being well cared for.

Isabel Sanderson holds the aggregation of infinite beauty today, and her mamma writes proudly:

In the Spring the incident took place.

For the first time, and first time, I saw the young man's longing.

It is for this life to die.

It is for this life to die.

Take the daughter's head should fall.

Take the last lesson for the fall.